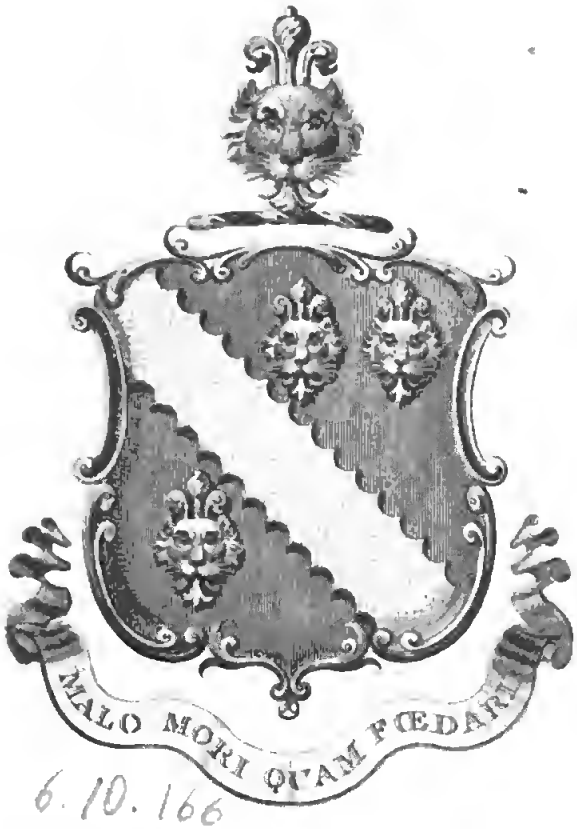

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Thomas Tenison.

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Love's Lyrics.

6.10.166

II

LOUE'S LYRICS,

OR,

CUPID'S CARNIVAL.

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

By J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

O 166

FRUSTRA LABORAT, QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE STUDET.

Ma muse inconstant et legere,
Cueille les fleurs du Printemps,
Parcourt les vergers et les champs,
Et folâtre sur la fougère.———*Demoustier.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, PALL MALL.

1807.

6.10.166

Hayden, Printer, Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

TO

Charles Heseltine, Esq.

DEAR CHARLES,

As it is not my intention to celebrate your virtues, or give publicity to your vices, to tax your pocket or your patience, it will perhaps appear surprizing that I should address you at all. But as I have always considered such details as an idle resource of obtrusive vanity, I should conceive it a folly to celebrate our mutual friendship; no, I am, like honest Sancho, who requested that his island might be *near the sea*, as he intended to have an eye to business; and wish, instead of a fulsome Dedication, to write you a Letter, intreating you, if you are at present in that part of Europe, to apply to our old friend D**** at

Milan; and desire him to write to me respecting those matters which ought to have been long since finally arranged. And should you go to Mentz, enquire of S. respecting my C*****.

I adopt this method, as I know the moment you see my name annexed to a volume of Poems, in the English news papers, that you will immediately procure them. Now tell me, Charles, whether this couple of pages is not quite as interesting to the public, and more to us, than any dedication that could be written by,

Dear Charles,

Your most truly

Affectionate Friend,

J. S. BYERLEY.

Albion Place, Hammersmith,
April 15, 1807.

ADDRESS

TO

THE REVIEWERS.

YE Critics who in garrets sit,
Ergo possessing attic wit;
With pen and scissars ambidexter—
Hold! hold! pray what do you expect, Sir?
Expect! ye arbiters on high,
That every Fair my work will buy!
Yield but your aid, I am your creature,
The most obsequious thing in nature—
'Tis granted, friend, pray be at ease,
Your Work we every one will praise—
Praise it, ye Gods!—No!—if you do,
Farewell to all my hopes below;
I ask not praise! I don't indeed—
No, d—n it, and it must succeed!

INTRODUCTION.

OMNIA TEMPUS HABENT.

I Ask no Muse t'inspire my Song,
Nor holy fire to tip my tongue;
To Feeling's power I yield my soul,
(For Feeling's power I'll ne'er controul;)
And what she prompts, my tongue shall tell,
Nor e'er against my heart rebel:
Inspired by feeling, I disdain
To seek resources in the brain;
Or write a line, save what my heart,
In its own measures doth impart.

Just as my verse to you appears,
I'm wrapt in smiles, or bathed in tears;
For Smiles and Tears to feeling owe
Their rosy wreaths, and weeds of woe:
For instance, when the heart beats high
With bliss expected, beaming nigh;
The verse in lighter measure runs,
And like its prototype it burns;
Or, when expecting Anna's love,
To me would ever faithful prove;
The dire reverse I'm doomed to find,
To view my fair at length unkind;
'Tis then my verse in lengthened tones
Breathes nought but cries and tears and moans;
Reproaches soft, and languid sighs,
A sobbing heart, and streaming eyes;
Till nerved by youthful Bacchus aid,
I can at length forget the maid;
Forget that Anna e'er was mine,
And drown my cares in generous wine.

The spirits then fly to the brain,
And mad with joy in transport reign.

What care I then for praise or blame,
I count not this my road to fame;
In Pleasure's arbours I recline,
And yield my soul to Love and Wine,

*** I am indebted to the friendship of the Honorable Mrs. Graves for the principal part of the Miscellaneous Poetry, which stamps a value on the Volume it would not otherwise have pretended to.

CONTENTS.

Dedication 5
Address to the Reviewers 7
Introduction 8

PART I.

ORIGINAL.

"Some pant for wealth and some for fame" .. 19
Song. The Rose-Bud 20
Song. The withered Rose-Bud 21
Anacreontic. "It is not a bowl but a bottle I want" 22
Song. To the Honorable Miss Lucy D——. .. 23
Lucy, or the Dying Maid 25
The Fair Penitent 26
Cupid's Mission to the Island of Love 33

Contents.

The Lover's last Moments. To Anna 38
Anticipated Rapture. To the same 40
The Interview. To the same 42
Song. Protestation of Fidelity 44
Stanzas. "By your cheek of vermil hue" .. 45
Anacreontic. "I cannot tell how" 47
Canzonet. "How piercing the smart" 49
Anacreontic. "The power of wine" 51
Song. Inscribed to Miss C. M——. "Dearer than the solar beam" 53
Anacreontic. "Women and wine" 55
To Anna, on her asking the author why he did not write oftner 56
Extempore. "I hate your songs of love" .. 57
Reasons for having married a Nymph of Cytherea, addressed to R. W.——N, Esq. .. 58
To the same 59
Song. "Again I feel the tide of love" .. 60
To Cupid. "How long thou little God of love" 62
Extempore, Addressed to Mrs. ———, on the anniversary of her Birth-day 65
To Miss Emma N. on her desiring some Poetry from the Author 66
"Come musing Melancholy" 67
On Lord Nelson's Interment 68
Metempsychosis. To Anna 70
Diamond cut Diamond. To Henry 71

Answer. To Anna 71
The Careless Husband; or, the Obliging Offer .. 72
The Broken Vow 73
The Standard Value of a Kiss 74
Anna's Reply 76
Poeta Nascitur non fit 78
Nil ultra 79
Aut Cæsar aut Nullus 80
Epigram. " Marry, says Sylvia, no not I" .. 81
The Dream. By the late R. C———y, Esq. .. 82
The Passions. A fragment 83
Impromptu. " That Rover's mad is surely true" 85
Extempore. On a Lady asking a Gentleman where Eden was situated 86
Happiness. Parodied from the above .. *ibid*
Epigram 87
Epitaph .... *ibid*
To a Lady, whose Masticators where rather larger than ordinary 88
On the same .... *ibid*
The Learned Lover 89
Written under an exquisitely beautiful Picture of my Mistress, not more remarkable for her personal Charms-than her Inconstancy .. 90
A Pair of Epitaphs { On Madame 91
On Monsieur 92
Finger Poetry 93

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On a Rose. By Miss Mary Leigh 97
Invocation to Joy. By Sir John Dryden, Bart. 100
Stanzas 103
Stanzas 105
The Mother to her Sleeping Infant .. 107
Lines sent to a Lady with an Almanack, in a Silver Case 110
On seeing a Boy tormenting a Beetle .. 113
On my Mistress's Recovery from a Disorder in her Eyes 115
Human Life composed in a Dream 117
The Folly of Avarice 118
Addressed by Major Redesdale to the Dowager Lady S— and S— 119
Addressed to Dowager Lady S— and S—, and Lady H—e, by Mr. Willes of Astrop .. 120
The Mistletoe 121

PART III.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM LE CHEVALIER DE CAILLY.

I.—On Lucy's Teeth 127
II.—The Coward .... .. *ibid*

III.—On Chloe 129
IV.—The Heir at Law .... .. *ibid*
V:—To Damon 131
VI.—To a Lady who kissed her Sparrows .. *ibid*
VII.—To the Sparrows which this Lady kissed .. 133
VIII.—On Sylvia 135
IX.—To a Friend .... .. *ibid*
X.—The Barber 137
XI.—The Slanderer direct .... .. *ibid*
XII.—The Gamester and Coquette .. 139
XIII.—On a Plagiarist .... .. *ibid*
XIV.—Poetry the Effect of Caprice .. 141
XV.—A Cure for Discontent .... .. *ibid*
XVI.—The Love of Life 143
XVII.—To Lycidas .... *ibid*
XVIII.—To Calista, on burning the Author's Verses 145
XIX.—Protestation of Fidelity .... .. *ibid*
XX.—Absence 147
XXI.—To a Clergyman not very exemplary .. *ibid*
XXII.—On Simon 149
XXIII.—The Misfortune of Lending .. *ibid*
XXIV.—To a Gentleman who boasted of an extensive Memory 151
XXV.—Imitation 153
XYVI.—To Iris, on having her Picture drawn .. 155
XXVII.—To Chloe .... *ibid*
XXVIII.—On holding a Glass of exquisite Wine 157
XXIX.—To Phillis .... .. *ibid*

Contents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On a celebrated Performer of the Character of Giles, or the Clown 161
I.—To Anna 163
II.—To M. d'Arnaud de Baculard, on his Translation of the Lamentations of Jeremiah .. *ibid*
III.—The Bishop "in Partibus" 165
IV.—Nature and Art 167
The Flying Fish. A Fable 169
I.—An Epitaph 171
I.—Inscribed on the Pedestal of a Tree of Liberty erected in the Market-place of Utrecht, 1802 172
II.—Inscription on a Stick of Sealing Wax .. *ibid*
The Poet is indifferent as to the Judgement of Posterity 175

Love's Lyrics.

Love's Lyrics.

PART I

ORIGINAL.

Omnia vincit amor.

SOME pant for wealth, and some for fame,
The dazzling splendour of a name;
But, as for me, I know no charms
Superior to a fair one's arms.

SONG.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO MARIA.

SWEET emblem of thyself, my fair,
Intwine this rose-bud in thy hair;
Or, let it on thy bosom rest,
A contrast to thy snowy breast.

See how it hangs its little head,
To meet the vulgar eye affraid!
See how it seeks its charms to hide,
Those charms of virgin youth the pride!

Then, 'twixt those little mounts of snow,
Maria, let the rose-bud blow;
And may it ever, ever prove
The emblem of thy Henry's love.

SONG.

THE WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

NO, Henry! No!—though Nature's pride,
I'll ne'er consent to be your bride:
The rose you plucked from yonder tree
In one short hour is withered—see!

Oh! no, my love, her Henry said,
The rose I gave thee is not dead;
It blooms, and blooms more fresh I see,
It blooms, my lovely girl, in thee.

As souls return to bliss above,
E'en so that rose, my gentle love,
Its native heaven fondly seeks,
In flying to thy breath and cheeks.

ANACREONTIC.

IT is not a bowl, but a bottle I want,
A bottle of wine, and the friend of my heart;
Of Nectar, the poets in garrets may rant—
Can Fancy the pleasures of drinking impart?

Of drinking, the pleasure, the pleasure's extreme:
A friend still partaking each alternate glass
Of Port, Hock, Madeira, or Vin de Champaigne,
Such pleasures dry Fancy can never surpass.

But if, in addition to Drinking's pure joys,
We add lovely woman, loved woman's sweet charms,
We form a fond whole, which all canker destroys,
In friendship and wine, and a woman's fond arms.

SONG.

TO

THE HONORABLE MISS LUCY D———.

ALL Europe, Lucy, is in arms,
Then why, dear Lucy, should not I?
Shall they partake of war's alarms,
And I stand loitering by?

The thirst of glory fires my soul,
Shall I resist the gallant snare?
Unknown, along Time's current roll,
And dark oblivion calmly bear.

Trust me, not so, my lovely fair,
In arms I'll yet triumphant shine,
And might I choose what arms I'd wear,
I would, dear girl, be girt in thine.

Now see me strut with martial air,
Inglorious ease I now resign;
A fort I'll storm, I do declare,
And that, dear Lucy, shall be thine!

*** A mutilated copy of the above has already found its way into a periodical print, without the knowledge or consent of the author.

LUCY;

OR,

THE DYING MAID.

POOR Lucy was an artless maid,
And ne'er had been by man betrayed:
Full twenty Summer's suns had shone,
Since Lucy, blooming fair! was born,
And found the maiden still alone:
What pity that so fair a maid
The rites of love should ne'er have paid;
That Death, with his relentless power,
Should fix the maiden's fatal hour!
Full well she knew her death was near,
And viewed it both with hope and fear:
At midnight hour the dagger flies;
The artless maiden bleeds and dies:—

Thus ended Lucy's fatal strife,
SHE DIED A MAID—TO LIVE A WIFE.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

" Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

CLEORA, pale and languid lay,
To maladies unknown, a prey;
Scarce sixteen summers yet had shed
Their roses on Cleora's head,
Her face grew pale, her lip grew dry,
Her cheek was sunk, and sunk her eye;
In vain each healing art was tried,
Her pangs each healing art deride;
Her weeping mother o'er her hung,
And oft her arms around her flung,
While tears that dewed her woe-worn cheek,
And sighs, that grief maternal speak,

Urged nearer to the tomb the fair,
Whom Heaven they sued in vain to spare:
She called her brother—Frederic came,
A brother who deserved the name;
She waved her hand, the rest retir'd,
But, ah! what now her bosom fir'd;
A something struggled at her heart,
A something that she would impart;
Yet still the glowing impulse, she,
Of whate'er nature it might be,
(From modesty perhaps) suppress,
Or ere it wandered from her breast,
Exhausted she supinely lay,
And seemed to sigh her soul away;
Frederic, weeping, pressed her hand,
And asked if she could aught demand
That might prolong her fleeting breath,
And stay the tyrant hand of death:
" Frederic," said she, and softly sighed,
" I feel too strong life's ebbing tide,

" Therefore I pray the Curate send,
" To give me comfort in my end;
" With him alone I wish to plead,
" For sins in thought, in word, and deed."
In silence Frederic pressed her hand,
And yielded to her sad command;
Yet thinking that the Bishop could
More consolation give; he stood,
His eyes in fond affection rolled,
While what he thought he softly told.
" What the old Bishop, Frederic?—No!
" I'd rather every hope forego;
" To him could I pour out my soul,
" Without dismay, without controul?
" Old age, you know, is rigid ever,—
" The Bishop!—no! no! never! never!"
The Curate came, though just ordained,
He yet a mighty fame had gained;
His looks divine won every heart,
To credit what his lips impart;

And still his bright example proved,
That in his heart a God he loved!
But whether a Polytheist, he,
Or Deist was, I'll not decree;
Or, whether he in Ovid read
Each evening ere he went to bed;
No matter 'tis to you or I,
So, if you please, we'll pass it by;
But if we were inclined to doubt,
Perchance the sequel points it out.
The Curate seated near her bed,
He pressed her hand, she raised her head,
A rising blush bespeaks her fears,
Her eyelids pout, dissolved in tears;
Her bosom feels a wild alarm;
'Twas doubtless for Religion's charm:—
At length, a feeble murmur stole,
Articulate—'twas from her soul;
Attentive was the holy man,
When she confession thus began:—

" I've sinn'd, but more in thought than deed,
" Yet, ah! they cause my heart to bleed:
" Sins of commission, I have none,
" Omission, are all they, I own;
" In sin, you say, all were begot,
" To sin, has been my willing lot;
" Yet conscience has restrained me ever,
" Therefore, in fact, I sinned have never.
" Now, as the scripture doth aver
" That, as in fact, in thought we err;
" Methinks, we might"—more had she said,
But that her ebbing strength was fled:
Now motionless and mute she lay;
The Curate, he began to pray:
But soon the quickening sense returned;
For anguish in her bosom burned.
She stretched her hand, and faintly said,
" Why prayed you, when you thought me dead?
" The pangs, that in my soul I feel,
" No prayers like those, my friend, can heal.—

" Physicians of the soul, we name
" The ministers of godly fame;
" Then how can you so stupid be,
" My soul's disorder not to see;
" I'm dying, Sir, as you perceive,
" Unless you can my woes relieve."—
" Take courage, maid, 'twill soon be o'er,
" And soon you'll reach Elysium's shore:
" Then fix your thoughts on things above,
" The seat of bliss the throne of love."

As if transported at the thought,
His hand unto her lips she brought;
A burning kiss declares the flame,
That robs her of a virgin's fame;
And as the Curate o'er her hung,
Her arms around his neck she flung;
The burning kiss, his bosom fires,
His throbbing heart beats with desires;
Desires, to sanctity unknown,
Desires, that damn the cleric gown:

But nature, as she ever must,
Through every qualm indignant burst.
" Alas! my Pastor, must I die,
" And will you not to save me, try?"
" The crime," said he—her feet were bare,
To keep them warm he thought his care.
" Your cares," said she, " shall be repaid,"
Then in the softest whisper said,
" Take courage, friend, 'twill soon be o'er,
" You soon will reach Elysium's shore:
" Then fix your thoughts on things above,
" *The seat of bliss, the throne of love!!*"
She ceased * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
And now, thank God! Cleora lives!—

CUPID'S MISSION

TO THE

ISLAND OF LOVE.

Immediately on his landing he is met by a beautiful virgin, (just entering her teens) who seeing the little stranger in tears, sympathises in his imaginary sorrows.—His gratitude.

TELL me, pretty little boy,
Why do you sigh?
Tell me, little pretty boy,
Why do you cry?

Come, my pretty little boy,
Come, let us play;
Pray, my little pretty boy,
Don't go away.

Yes, my pretty little girl,
Yes, I'll come and play:
No, my little pretty girl,
I won't go away.

Come my pretty little girl,
Come to the grove,
There, my little pretty girl,
I will teach you love.

What, my pretty little girl,
Pray what is this?
That, my little pretty boy,
That is heart's-ease.

Give it me, my pretty girl,
Ere it shall die:
Ah! my pretty little girl,
Why do you sigh?—

Tell me, pretty little boy,
Why is your bow?
Say, my little pretty boy,
What is't to do?

Will you, pretty little boy,
Will you give a kiss
To a little pretty girl?
It can't be amiss.

Oh! my pretty little boy,
Oh! how it feels!
To my heart, my pretty boy,
Oh! how it steals.

Look, my pretty little girl,
Why is my bow;
There my little pretty girl,
'Tis to shoot so.

Oh! my pretty little boy,
Oh! your cruel dart!
You've, my little pretty boy,
Shot me through the heart.

"Tell me, pretty little girl,
Why do you sigh?
Tell me little pretty girl,
Why do you cry!!!—"

But, my pretty little boy,
Why should you fly?
If you go my pretty boy,
Oh! I shall die!

Why, my pretty little boy,
Oh! why must we part?
Do I not, my pretty boy,
Love you to my heart?

* * * * * * *
* * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * *

Oh! my pretty little boy;
Oh! he is gone,
And his little pretty girl,
She's left to mourn!

THE

LOVERS LAST MOMENTS.

TO ANNA.

THERE is a sweet, a pleasing death,
(A soft suspension of the breath)
Which I should wish to die:
'Tis in your soft and circling arms,
And on your bosom's softer charms,
For half an hour to lie.

If happy they, who happy die;*
How happy he! whose latest sigh,

* Alluding to Solon's speech to Crœsus—"Fortune has followed you thus far; she accompanies you to day and seems to precede you in the future, but let us call no man *happy* until his death."

Is breathed in bliss supreme!
Who, as the mist steals o'er his eyes,
Feels new, transporting raptures rise,
And bliss extatic teem,

Wild Fancy riots in the thought
Of death, with such endearments fraught:
I pant, I long to die!
For you to catch my fleeting breath,
T'imbibe my soul in th' hour of death,
T'inhale my latest sigh!

ANTICIPATED RAPTURE.

TO ANNA.

O Bliss extatic! joy supreme!
Say, art thou real, or a dream?
Repeat it, Echo! let the strain
But vibrate on my soul again:
Is Anna mine?—yes Anna's thine!
O bliss excelling! thought divine!
Why will ye thus, ye moments, stay!
Fly! swift! on wings of thought away,
And haste the instant, thrice divine,
When Anna's soul shall melt with mine.
Why dost thou, cruel Anna, why,
Why dost thou not to Henry fly?—

Love swells my thrilling nerve so high;
O! come, my Anna, or I die;
O! come and close my swimming eyes,
And let my soul's extatic sighs,
Love's boiling ardour sink to rest,
And I expire upon thy breast.

THE INTERVIEW.

TO ANNA.

LET us enjoy the passing hour,
(The only one that's in our power,)
Receive and give the balmy kiss,
And let our souls dissolve in bliss.

'Tis Nature swells the throbbing vein;
Let not her impulse then be vain;—
To Nature all your charms you owe,
Then what she prompts, my love, bestow.

'Tis Nature fires the panting breast,
And loudly cries, "Woman be blest;
"Let not the tyrant Custom sway,
"When I command 'tis your's t'obey."

Was it not Nature made you fair?
Say, would you then destroy her care,
And where she deigned to plant a grace,
With wounds and scars that charm deface?

The world, my love, act as you will,
Always delights in saying ill;
Then since you can't from scandal fly,
'Twere better that they should not lie.

Consider, love, how great the sin,
Your numerous friends would be plunged in!
O! come, I can no longer stay!—
We kiss! we faint! we die away.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

SONG.

PROTESTATION OF FIDELITY.

BY yon bright orb, who rules the day,
And warms the earth with genial ray;
By him, I swear I'll ever be
Sincere as truth, my love, to thee.

Though frowning Fate should place my lot,
The labourer of some rustic cot;
My labour would be passing sweet,
For thou would'st me with kisses greet.

And should kind Fortune place me higher
Than e'er my hopes could yet aspire,
My wealth would only serve to prove
The fond excesses of my love.

STANZAS.

TO ANNA.

BY your cheek of vermil hue,
By your lip's ambrosial dew,
By your soft and languid eye,
By your swelling bosom's sigh,
You taught me love.

By the smile upon your cheek,
By your look so soft and meek,
By the accents of your tongue,
By the sweetness of your song,
You taught me love.

Yet your cheek of vermil hue,
Yet your lip's ambrosial dew,
Yet your soft and languid eye,
And your swelling bosom's sigh,
They know not love!

Nor the smile upon your cheek,
Nor your look so soft and meek,
Nor the accents of your tongue,
Nor the sweetness of your song,
They know not love!

Fairest do your nature right,
Yield your soul to Love's delight,
Come, and in my faithful arms,
Taste the soft and sweet alarms
Of mutual love!

ANACREONTIC.

THE AVOWAL.

I Cannot tell how,
I cannot tell why,
I'm destined to woo,
I'm destined to sigh

My fond heart it flutters;
My lover is warm;
My conscience it mutters,
And gives the alarm.

But what can I do?
My lover is true,
I cannot say NO!
Pray tell me, could you?

Then Conscience, depart!
Your scruples remove;
Th' impulse of my heart
Is rapture and love.

The prudish may blame
Love's soft burning fires;
And censure the dame,
Who owns her desires.

Yet, ah! let them boast
Of smothered desires.
I'd rather be lost—
Consumed with their fires.

Then come, dearest youth!
Oh! come to the grove;
And prove my fond truth,
In raptures of love!

CANZONET.

HOW piercing the smart!
How pleasing the pain!
Oh! how my fond heart
Longs for it again.

Oh! come to my arms;
Oh! come to the grove;
And taste the alarms,
The raptures of love!

Why? why do you stay?
How cruel you prove!
I can't brook delay;
Oh! come to the grove!

Sweet! sweet is the pleasure!
Exquisite the charms;
And rich is the treasure,
I hold in my arms.

The pain, it is past;
The pleasure's extreme:
My senses are lost,
In Ectasy's dream.

And then, when I 'wake,
How sweet are the charms!
To find the young rake,
The rogue in my arms!

ANACREONTIC.

THE POWER OF WINE.

LET hoary Time do all he can,
To rack the mind with cankering care,
I'll yet defeat his arts and plan,
And bid the morning still be fair.

Allied with Fate, he tries to blast
The glowing prospects of the hour,
And in the shades of darkness cast
Fair Pleasure's soft and rosy bower.

Time dropped his snows upon my head,
And on my cheek he graved a furrow;
Fate tore my partner from my bed,
And gave me up to Care and Sorrow:

But when with wine I 'gan to glow,
Gay Laughter soon resumed his place,
The snows of Time began to thaw,
And filled the furrow on my face.

SONG.

INSCRIBED TO

MISS C**** M*******.

DEARER than the solar beam;
Dearer than life's purple stream;
More dear than all the world to me,
My lovely girl will ever be.

Sweeter than the blushing rose;
Sweeter than the air that blows;
More sweet than all the world to me,
My lovely girl will ever be.

Fairer than the lily pale,
Or the snow-drop of the vale,
More fair than all the world to me,
My lovely girl will ever be.

Purer than the breath of morn,
Or the dew-drop on the thorn,
More pure than all the world to me,
My lovely girl will ever be.

ANACREONTIC.

WOMEN and wine
Are both divine,
And all that's dear on earth;
Be they but mine,
I'll Care resign,
And yield my soul to Mirth.

Each hour that's spent,
To Pleasure lent,
Is properly employed;
But if we share
An hour with Care,
'Tis so much time destroyed.

TO ANNA.

On her asking the Author, why he did not write oftener?

O Talk not of letters, dear Anna, to me;
Nor ask for epistles, but dreaming of love;
Give me but a second, my angel with thee,
And more than a volume I'll instantly prove.

Then pray cease to wonder, if silent I am:
Much fanning, my Anna, may puff out the flame,
And leave you, for passion, now glowing and warm,
Its essence?—ah! no,—but its shadow!—a name!

EXTEMPORE,

Written in the blank leaf of a volume of Amatory Poems, by John Glanvill, Esq.—10 Dec. 1806.

I Hate your songs of love;
They tickle the desire,
Our youthful passions move,
But can't allay their fire.

REASONS

FOR

HAVING MARRIED A NYMPH OF CYTHEREA.

ADDRESSED TO

R—— W—T—N, ESQ.

I'VE married a frail one, acknowledged, 'tis true,
But pray, my dear W—t—n, what is it to you?
I'm happier far in taking a mate,
As wanton as Venus, than you with your Kate;
Who, chaste as Diana, and fair as the day is,
Must still yield the palm to my beautiful Laïs;
Since jealousy never can harrass my frame,
Convinced that she will be for ever the same;
For place all the pleasures of life in her range,
I'll lay my life on it she never will change.

TO THE SAME.

OF *easy* virtue is my wife, 'tis true,
Yet do I not our marriage contract rue;
How oft we tremble, lest our wives should stray:
Not so my case, I'm proud to lead the way,
To lead her from her *virtuous* mode of life,
And make her all that one can wish a wife:
But should I fail, I still avoid the curse
Of seeing her, I've made my wife grow worse;
Assured of this, none can corrupt her heart,
And that she'll never from her paths depart.

SONG,

BY CAPT. C******, R. N.

AGAIN I feel the tide of love,
Impetuous rush through every vein;
Oh! bear me to the Cyprian grove,
Where Delia waits to heal my pain!

Come, gentle Delia! charming maid!
And bare thy beauties to my sight;
Unloose thy zone, untwine thy braid,
Our souls shall melt in sweet delight!

Her bosom heaves; her liquid eye
Now beams with joy; her raptures prove
She breathes the sweet impassioned sigh;—
We faint and die the death of love!

Such are the joys the fair can give;
Without them who would wish to live!

TO CUPID.

HOW long, thou little god of love,
Shall I the pangs of absence prove?
How long will Anna deign to be,
Ere she returns to love and me?

Did she not promise she would write,
And I receive it ere to-night?
'Twas thee who promised in her name,
And I have only thee to blame,

Thou little vagrant, if I see
Thee once again attempt on me
To draw thy bow, and lance thy dart
Of rankling poison in my heart,

I'll fly to Bacchus, on my soul,
And drown thee in the genial bowl;
There may'st thou flap thy little wings,
Whilst thine own elegy thou sings,

And culprit like deplore thy fate,
Confess thou wert an errant cheat;
Yet shalt thou no reprieve obtain,
I'll plunge thee in the bowl again.

Cupid, who smiled to hear me rant,
Said, whilst he saw my bosom pant,
" The arrow which I last let fly
" Has proved who's mightiest, you or I.

Yet, though my heart's without defence,
I'll pluck thy arrow, Cupid, thence:
" You pluck it out! no never, never,
" I've lodged that arrow there for ever.

" Then plunge me in the genial bowl,
" 'Twill wet my wings and fire my soul ;
" For wine, if I can only stand,
" But nerves my arm, and guides my hand."

EXTEMPORE,

Addressed to Mrs. ******** on the anniversary of her Birth day.—10th Dec. 1806.

ALL hail my fair! of charms possessed,
To warm the frigid Stoic's breast;
All hail my friend! and may each year
Still brighter than the last appear.—

Your hours, by feathery links entwined,
Pause only that they may be kind;
And may you to the latest prove
The joys of dear connubial love:

And, nature spent, your latest hour
Exceed in bliss all gone before;
And as they close your dimning eyes,
View their new empire in the skies.

TO

MISS EMMA N*****.

On her desiring some poetry from the Author.

FOR Emma I'm to tune the lay,
But what, dear Emma, can I say?
You know, to love I must not dare;
Yet, Emma, if I were but free,
My soul would fondly fix on thee;
On thee, my Emma, good as fair.

Thus, Emma, when we ask the heart,
The simple truth it will impart;
Consult your own, my fair, and see,
If corresponding with my love,
Your heart in sympathy would prove,
And fondly fix its choice on me.

" COME MUSING MELANCHOLY."

MILTON.

Written on the death of a valuable and much lamented friend.

FAR from the scenes of giddy folly,
I woo the maid, sweet Melancholy;
For though her robes of sable are,
And though her looks betray despair,
Her melting eye my soul disarms;
Her heaving sigh my bosom warms;
What, though no roses flush her cheek,
Triumphant reigns the lily meek;
Which leaves nor wish, nor hope to see,
Her seat, gay rose, usurped by thee.

ON

LORD NELSON's INTERMENT

IN

St. Paul's Cathedral, 9th of January, 1806.

BENEATH that dome which proudly soars
Above each sister spire,
And in majestic grandeur wakes
Devotion's purest fire.

Beneath that dome, our hero lies;
No common grave his bed;
Who in the field of glory dies,
In honour rests his head.

Fair Fame, who flew where'er he went,
Proclaimed this mournful stave:—
"My favorite's dead!" and then she sunk,
Exhausted on his grave.

Religion shewed her fond regard,
And hailed her valiant son;
In heaven she sealed his just reward,
On earth she gave an urn.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

TO ANNA.

" METEMPSYCHOSIS is," you say,
" Unworthy of the poet's lay;
" A wild chimæra in the brain,
" Where Love had never fixed his reign."

As sure as Love's the soul of Song,
So sure, my Anna, you are wrong;
You prove Metempsychosis true,
For Venus is revived in you.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

TO HENRY.

THY vows, my Henry, do but seem
The fluttering of the lunar beam,
Reflected on the limpid stream.

ANSWER.

TO ANNA.

AND thine, my Anna, like the blaze,
Emitted by the solar rays,
That's on the glowing window cast,
Far, far too brilliant long to last.

THE CARELESS HUSBAND;

OR,

THE OBLIGING OFFER.

" Think not dull Constancy
" Was ever made for me."—ANONYM.

" OH! Tom, how can you go astray?
" From home, be even months away;
" Whilst Sally languishes and sighs,
" As every night alone she lies;
" But, careless of poor Sally's woe,
" To ten times worse than her you go!
" For shame! Dear Tom, take my advice,
" Go home, go home; for on my life
" I never saw so good a wife."
" What, me go to her? stupid elf,
" If she's so good pray go yourself!

THE BROKEN VOW.

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

Lucilia wept—and on my knees I swore,
If she'd forgive, I would do so no more:
But, ah! her tears in larger chrystals flow,
Her sighs are louder, greater is her woe:
Why, why Lucilia, why so sadly weep?
Think you that I will not my promise keep?
"Your vows!"—I own are broke, I contrite kneel;
Yet 'twas your charms which taught me thus to feel;
Inflamed my passions, bade my reason stray,
And in delirium stole my soul away.
Yet, ah! forgive me, and by Heaven I swear!—
She clasped me in her arms, and cried, "forbear!"
My dear, forbear! for hope not Heaven will prove
So lenient to your broken vows as love.

THE

STANDARD VALUE

OF

A KISS:

Occasioned by reading the lines "Love refutes the Charge," in answer to Demoustier's lines on the origin of Cupid's wings (vide appendix):

"*Tis for her lip alone you glow.*"

THOUGH from Anna's lip
Pure nectar I sip,
That nectar insipid would be,
If there were no charms,
To find in her arms,
But insipid kisses for me.

A KISS I allow,
For children may do,

Or wretches worn down to the grave;
But I, who am young,
Feel Nature so strong,
Some food more substantial must have.

I look on a kiss
As the portal of bliss,
To him unto whom it is given;
A key that insures
Your way through the doors
Which lead a poor mortal to heaven.

ANNA's REPLY.

" YOU monster," cried Anna, " a kiss to deride!
" A kiss, which delighted and sealed me your own
" That kiss, for which numbers, lamenting, have sighed,
" In more than contempt your wild fancy has thrown.

" Yet think not, thou traitor, securely to scoff,
" I know how to punish thy scorn and thy pride;
" Against thee a rival shall now have the laugh,
" And taste the fond kisses for which he has sighed.

" Dark Jealousy then shall harrow thy soul,
" And punish thee both as licentious and vain,
" Till Passion, returning, assumes her control,
" And thou wish to kiss me again and again.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.

"COME, tell me," says Anna, while pressing
and pressed,*
And I just expiring upon her fond breast;
"Come, tell me, my love, if perchance from our
"joy,
"Resulting, should spring an angelic boy,
"What would be his bias, the bent of his mind,
And what the pursuits to which he'd be inclined?

As, Anna, we're not in a reasoning mood,
The dogmas of Science will not be his food;
But fanciful raptures will steal o'er his brain,
His god will be Cupid, and verse be his vein.

* The reader need scarcely be reminded of the imitation of a line, in one of Mr. Moore's exquisite songs.

NIL ULTRA.

DOES the smile on Chloe's face
Glow with more than usual grace?
Does her vermil lip disclose
Fragrance sweeter than the rose?
Does her hand with tremor shake!
Does her eyes with passion ake?
Does her swelling bosom sigh?
Does she seem inclined to die?
You may sing AH ÇA IRA!
Mine's the prize, the NIL ULTRA!
Nil ultra! ça ira!
Ça ira! nil ultra!—

AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS.

AN amorous dame,
Of fair village fame,
Attacked the young rector, Tibullus,
And said, " pray you tell,
" For you know it well,
" What means your *aut Cæsar aut nullus*;"
The rector he sighed,
She blushed like a bride,
He said, " *neck or nothing* it is ;"
She doubted the truth,
But quickly the youth,
He proved it in amorous bliss.

EPIGRAM:

Imitated from the French of Le Chev. de Cailly. (vide infra.)

"MARRY?" says Silvia, "no, not I,
"With my virginity I'll die.—"
Believe, sweet girl, 'tis very wrong,
To think of leaving us so young;
But if you must—why let me see,
In Heaven it of no use can be;
You'd better leave it here with me.

THE DREAM:

BY THE LATE

R. C*****Y, Esq.

ALL trembling in my arms, Aminta lay,
Defending still the bliss I strove to take,
Raising my rapture by her kind delay;
Her force so charming was, and weak.
Her soft resistance half betrayed the grant,
While I pressed on the heaven of my desires,
Her rising breast with nimbler motions pant,
Her dying eyes assume more ardent fires;
Now to the height of languishment she grows,
And still her looks more rapturous charms put on;
Now the last mystery of love she knows,
We sigh and kiss—I waked, and all was done.

THE

PASSIONS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN warring passions in the brain,
Usurp a wild tumultuous reign;
When every nerve, by madness strung,
Is stretched beyond the chords of song,
Ah! what is man!

Should Jealousy preponderate,
O! mark you well the maniac's state;
See daggers in her eyes appear,
That murder, while they shed a tear:
Ah! what is man!

Should Vengeance lift her angry head,
(Red Vengeance unto Murder wed,)
Beneath her feet what victims lay,
The grandsire, sire, and son, her prey!
Ah! what is man!

* Several Stanzas are wanting here.

See now Despair with wildness rise—
Despair demands a sacrifice;
The rapid thought like lightning flies,
Her arm is raised!—she falls! she dies!
Ah! what is man!

IMPROMPTU.

A favorite Spaniel having bit his Mistress while she was caressing him, she asked with some emotion, whether he was mad? a gentleman present immediately replied:

THAT Rover's* mad is surely true,
Or he had never flown at you;
You were his friend—the best he had,
To bite *you* then he *must* be mad.

* The name of the Dog.

EXTEMPORE.

On a Lady asking a Gentleman where Eden was situated.

IF I would Eden's latitude define,
'Tis in that parallel in which you shine;
You are the blooming Tree of Life, and I,
The mortal who would wish to taste and die.

HAPPINESS.

PARODIED FROM THE ABOVE.

IF I would human happiness define,
'Tis in the magic circle drawn by wine;
Wine is the fountain head of bliss, and I,
The happy mortal who would drink and die.

EPIGRAM.

HERE lies a child, whose parents say
'Twas "perfect, spotless, without blame;"
The fact, though strange, believe we may,
For every parent says the same.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the soul of Richard William Guest;
His soul?—yes friend, here's all that he possest.

TO

A LADY.

Whose masticators were *rather* larger than ordinary.

YOUR teeth to ivory we compare,
Not that they so beauteous are;
But 'tis because a single tooth,
Would make a gross of combs forsooth.

ON

THE SAME.

HER teeth to ivory we compare,
And in the thought she proudly vaunts;
But why?—her teeth are not so *fair*?
In *size* they're like the Elephant's.

THE

LEARNED LOVER.

" REPEAT you don't hate me," says Sally to me;
Repeat I don't hate you! no that must not be;
I cannot, dear Sally, for then I should lie—
" You cannot?" said Sally, and heaved a deep sigh;
Oh! no! for in grammar and Algebra as well,
Two negatives do for one positive tell;
So should I repeat, I don't hate you, again,
'Twould mean that I hate you, and you would complain,
That learning to reason, I'd lost all my love,
Preferring the owl, to the soft billing dove.—

No! no! my sweet girl, it shall be my endeavour,
To love thee, nay more, to deserve thee, for ever.

Written under an exquisitely beautiful picture of my Mistress, not more remarkable for her personal charms than her inconstancy.

HODIE MIHI CRAS TIBI.

TO-DAY she's mine,
To-morrow thine.

A PAIR

OF

EPITAPHS,

Which, *mutatis mutandis*, will be found to be extremely apposite and proper to be inscribed on nine tenths of the monuments erected from January to December.

I.

ON MADAME.

Par son epoux.

HERE, passing stranger, lies a wife,
The torment of her husband's life;
She lied, she stole, got drunk, and swore,
Was both a vixen and a ——;
And when her friends had all forsook her,
The devil he in mercy took her.

II.

ON MONSIEUR.

Par son epouse.

BENEATH this turf there lies a man,
His virtues we may easy span;
A man he was, and nothing more,
He drank his bottle, kept his w——,
Or she kept him, I can't tell which,
He died dead drunk, and in a ditch.
No friends he had, for none would own him,
E'en Satan turned his back upon him.

***** The above were written in a frolic by a gentleman and his lady some time ago, and appear in public for the first time.**

FINGER POETRY.

PRAY, Sir, is it not what they call poetry,
Where two lines of equal syllables agree
In rhyming with one another, as thus:
Wanting a rhyme to that line, I say, fuss,
And if I want a triplicate, say goose;
Then I join them together with a brace,
So that a man may read them if an ass:
Nota bene, I'm told that common sense,
In poetry, is downright impudence;—
And if I want to write an ode,
Pray is not this the proper mode,
To have long and short lines, limping like a man
with one leg,
Much longer than his other peg;

Limping, jumping,
Jumping, limping,
Now a short step, and then a long and mighty stride,
Two yards wide;
Item, to make two verses rhyme together,
That are full fifty lines from one another.

Zounds, Sir, you are a perfect poet,
And it is fit the world should know it;
Far worse than you have soared to Fame,
And (shameless) damned their father's name:
Their father's! no, they are usurpers,
Of poor Sans Souci's fame—but chirpers;
Two chirping sparrows in a bush,
Who boast their lineage from the thrush!!!

The Bouquet.

92

The Bouquet.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON

A ROSE,

BY MISS MARY LEIGH.

VIEW yonder fragrant, blushing rose,
Where scent and colour meets;
Not Tyre a lovelier shade bestows,
Nor Arab greater sweets.

But! see the beauteous flower fade,
Its fragrance loses soon,
Rain beats, and boisterous winds invade,
Its leaves are lost and gone!

The common emblem of our fate,—
We bloom, rise gradually,
Reach to the summit of our state,
Then wither, sicken, die.

But the fair mind, a lovelier rose,
No time, no storms invade;
As years advance this fairer grows,
Attains a richer shade.

O! value then this beauteous flower,
Tend it with watchful care,
Exert thine utmost, arduous power,
No pains, no culture spare:

Nor wish to fix the tender plant
On too conspicuous ground,
Lest it sustain not the rude shock
Of gathering winds around.

But rather choose some peaceful vale,
Where zephyrs only blow,
Where purest streams enrich the dale,
And smoothly, gently flow.

Then cautious rear the improving flower,
Whose sweets may one day rise,
With trembling flight aspiring soar,
And reach yon radiant skies.

INVOCATION TO JOY.

BY SIR JOHN DRYDEN, Bart.

TO HIS SISTER,

THE RIGHT HON. LADY SAY AND SELE.

O Joy! thou stranger to this aching breast,
When will thy welcome form again appear?
When wilt thou come again, oh! long-lost guest,
To wipe from Misery's eye the lingering tear?

Oft have I hailed thee in my earlier days,
Ere keen affliction fixed its rankling dart;
Oft have I hailed thee when thy genial rays
Awoke to happiness my youthful heart.

Then Health's warm glow obeyed the call of youth;
Then Fortune smiled (deceitful) in my face;
Then friends were true; and, ah! more welcome Truth,
Death had none ravaged from my fond embrace.

But now, alas! to every ill a prey,
Health, Fortune, Friends, alike my presence shun;
E'en Youth's delusive gleam is passed away,
And my fleet race of happiness is run.

Yet bending thus to dire Affliction's stroke,
Still for the past my gratitude shall glow;
Still for the future I'll thine aid invoke,
To soothe with transient gleams life's poignant woe.

Go to those few, whom Fortune still has left
To share my sympathy, and claim my prayers;
Who, not like me, of every joy bereft,
May taste, perchance, some solace from their cares.

Go, on Eliza's mournful couch attend,
And to her heavy heart thy aid supply;
Say, for her comfort, lives the sister friend,
And Hope's bright cordial which can never die.

Whose form celestial rises to my mind,
Submissive bending o'er the mourner's bed,
While, with uplifted eyes to Heaven inclined,
Her finger points the mansion of the dead.

"Full well I know," thus spake the maid divine,
"Full well I know the cause of all thy grief;
"It centres there in yonder hallowed shrine,
"Nor seeks, nor asks from earth to find relief.

"What, tho' thy share of mortal bliss be o'er,
"Closed in the urn that holds thy husband's clay;
"Yet thou shalt meet him on th' Elysian shore,
"And with him revel in eternal day!"

STANZAS.

Written Extempore, when sitting near Miss Terrick (mother to the Right Honourable Lord Harrowby) during a Sermon preached by her father, then Bishop of Peterborough,

BY M. W****, Esq.

THOUGH Terrick's voice, with manly sense,
Proclaims Religion's praise,
His daughter's silent eloquence
Still greater power displays.

He charms the ear with promised joys,
Hereafter to be given;
She brings conviction to our eyes,
And shews us where 'tis heaven.

There are, who hardened, may refuse
To hear what Prelates tell;
But who on earth an angel views,
And lives an Infidel!

STANZAS,

BY MRS. S. YATES,

OF CALCUTTA.

SAY, why does Sylvia heave a sigh,
When neither Pain nor Sorrow's nigh?
Why glistens in her eye a tear,
When neither Grief nor Woe are near.

Ask Gripus, counting o'er his gold,
His treasures scarcely to be told,
Why do his thoughts for ever stray,
Lest thieves should bear his ore away.

Ask Giles, why he, when smiles the sun,
Should fear the storm ere work is done?
'Tis this, though we our hopes attain,
We ever dread a future pain.

It is because what we enjoy,
Would be too sweet without alloy;
Thus present happiness in me,
But makes me dread futurity.

My moral then doth tend to show,
We should not hope for bliss below,
That bliss belongs to realms above,
The seats of Gods, the throne of Love.

THE

MOTHER

TO

HER SLEEPING INFANT.

ANONYMOUS.

SEE the beauteous baby smiling,
In that calm and gentle sleep,
Of its grief my heart beguiling,
Bidding me forbear to weep.

But, alas! I still must sorrow;
While I think, I still must sigh;
A cruel blight may ere the morrow,
Bid my lovely rose-bud die.

Yet should the blight, in pity sparing,
Pass o'er innocence like thine,
Still I view thee, sad, despairing,
Lest thy lot resemble mine.

Love may mark thee for delusion,
Friendship thy young heart deceive;
The world will mock thy soul's effusion,
Mock the fool that could believe.

Ah! my babe! in that calm slumber,
Vainly would thy soul divine
What varied ills thy days may number,
What miseries Fate may thee design.

Ingratitude will still pursue thee;
Persecution be thy doom;
I weep, and while I sadly view thee,
Think how peaceful is the tomb.

Then sleep, sweet babe, I ne'er will sorrow,
Sleep thy halcyon life away;
I will not fear the blight to-morrow,
'Twill come the sharper for its stay.

LINES SENT TO A LADY,

WITH AN ALMANACK IN A SILVER CASE.

BY THE

HONORABLE AND REV. T. T. TWISLETON.

IF this my outward garb, so pure, so fair,
The pensive glances of those eyes may share;
If beauteous Moralist, thy friendship deigns
To trace the tablet which that garb contains;
In both thy conscious sense shall bid thee find
Thy spotless bosom, and thy perfect mind:
To such a mind, will days and hours appear
As feathery links that chain the circling year;

As round the Sun obedient planets move,
One perfect system may thy reason prove;
And, like the pendant orb, attraction still
Shall bend the varying passions to thy will.

And, oh! may Time for thee, his restless wing
Load with the perfumes of redundant Spring:
May Summer greet thee with celestial hues!
May Autumn bathe thee in ambrosial dews!
And Winter o'er the scene no tempests roll,
To shake the halcyon mildness of thy soul.
So hours, and months, and years shall pass away,
Though transient, cheerful as an April day:
And with each morn, thy blushing cheek disclose,
The breathing freshness of the living rose;
While filial Virtue evergreens shall bind,
To mark the sweet affections of thy mind.
Then start not, when this tablet you behold,
Nor e'er with trembling touch its leaves unfold;

O'er thee, in vain the threatning storms may lour,
While Winter vaunts its desolating power.
They will not, cannot, break the conscious rest
Which guards the tranquil tenant of thy breast:
To Vice or Folly, Time's unerring wing
May shame or sorrow, fear or anguish bring;
But Truth, encircled by a calm sublime,
May, smiling, ponder o'er the page of Time.

ON SEEING A BOY TORMENTING

A BEETLE.

By J. H. C.——, Esq.

IN infancy, no threatening guest,
Of passions dire, my bosom knew;
But peace reigned solely in my breast,
And every tender feeling knew.

The creeping worm that in my way
In trembling, dread, and fear did lie,
I thought would lift its head and say,
"I have no wings, I cannot fly."

Then turn your gentle steps aside,
Your heedless foot may stay my breath;
Let not the fashion fair deride,
I would not put a worm to death.

But when a man his fellow grieves,
With dire Oppression's painful sting;
E'en were he crowned with laurel leaves,
I'd crush him, though he were a KING!

ON MY MISSTRESS'S RECOVERY FROM A DISORDER IN HER EYES.

BY CAPTAIN C******, R. N.

OH! when you see with soaring flight,
Upborne from earth, the feathered kind;
And hear them hymn the source of light,
Then think you of the deaf and blind;

To whom these pleasures are denied,
Who faultless from these joys are driven,—
Their dire misfortune ne'er deride,
But pluck the thorns which mar their heaven.

For earth is heaven, when godlike men
The angel's attribute assume;
Who open wide the prisoner's den,
The deaf relieve, the blind relume.

Long was my lovely Anna's sight,
From weakness dimned by garish day;
Oh! bless the man who healed the blight,
To him I tune this grateful lay.

HUMAN LIFE,

COMPOSED IN A DREAM.

BY THE

RIGHT HON. DOWAGER LADY H***E, 1789.

HOW vain our life, in each progressive stage,
From smiling infancy to plaintive age,
Alternate passions animate the mind,
While to its little tenement confined;
Till sunk in Death's uninterrupted sleep,
We cease to smile, lament, rejoice, or weep.
Then shall we quit this perishable clay,
To rise immortal on the Judgment Day;
When heavenly choirs shall rouse us from the tomb,
And Justice seal our everlasting doom.

THE FOLLY OF AVARICE.

BY THE

RIGHT HON. DOWAGER LADY S** AND S***.

WHY, short lived man, this sordid love of ore?
What its avail, when life exists no more?
Alas! of all the various heaps you view,
E'en not a grain will kindly follow you;
Unless a tinsel trophy may attend
The tenant's lowly mansion at his end.

ADDRESSED BY

MAJOR REDESDALE

TO

DOWAGER LADY S** AND S***,

At her Country Mansion B*****t*n Castle, Oxfordshire; on the Castle's being frequented by Owls.

A Fact to every body's known,
That owls delight to dwell alone;
But yet what numbers nightly meet
At Br****t*n Castle's social seat;
'Tis duty prompts them on the wing,
To their divinity within;
For now the secret I reveal
Minerva's there, in S** and S***.

ADDRESSED BY

MR. WILLES OF ASTROP,

TO THE

DOWAGER LADY S** AND S***, AND THE DOWAGER LADY H***E,

ON their appearing at Court in diametrically opposite Dresses.

TWO elegant sisters were dressed for the queen,
In such habits as rarely at Court can be seen;
In *that* was the lustre of day, clear and bright,
In *this* the soft charms of a moon shining night.
The figures contrasted thus, happily made
Two beautiful pictures of light and of shade;
But each act of their lives contributes to prove,
Though they differ in dress, they're united in love.

THE MISLETOE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHOE'ER is kiss'd beneath my shade,
Widow, wife, or artless maid,
And culls my fruit to search my heart,
And place it next her counterpart,
True shall her ardent wishes at the moment prove,
Fostered to life, like me, upon the plant I love,

Should they by Fate be grafted on
The hazle, crab, or prickly thorn,
Tasteless, or soon degenerate, wild,
With cares beset, with fears beguiled;
Partaking of the nature where they hapless grow,
She'll rue the baleful plant, the mystic misletoe.

Ah no! the oak her wishes bear,
The nymph by tender love led here;
Come then, in Christmas gambols play,
And dance the midnight hour away;

And join in song the warbling lute,
And gather kisses with my fruit;
Let her fond bosom still with mutual rapture glow,
She'll bless the ever-green, the sacred misletoe.

PART III.

Translations.

125

From Le Chevalier de Cailly.

I.

DES DENTS DE MACETTE.

VOUS étonnez vous que Macette
Ait si bien conservé ses dents ?
Elles sont, la plûpart du tems,
Dans un paquet en sa cassette.

II.

LE POLTRON.

NOS ennemis j'irois les battre,
J'irois tirer sur eux jusqu'à brûle pourpoint ;
Et j'irois moi seul contre quatre,
Si j'étois assûré qu'ils ne tirassent point.

I.

ON LUCY's TEETH.

YOU wonder why at Lucy's years,
Her teeth so well preserved appears;
The reason is, I will not mask it,
One half the time they're in her casket.

II.

THE COWARD.

OUR enemies I'd go and fight,
Bear fire and sword where'er I go;
A score at once I'd slay outright,
If I were sure they wouldn't draw.

III.

CONTRE LYCORIS.

LYCORIS ta douceur et ta fidelité,
M'ont fait trouver en toi mille traits de beauté ;
Lorsque tu ne m'es plus ni douce ni fidele
Je n'y vois plus ces traits que te rendoient si belle.

IV.

DE LYCANDRE.

SOIT en public soit en secret,
Lycandre a beaucoup de regret
Des longs maux que son pere endure.
Entendez vous ce fin endroit ?
Dans de longs maux un pere dure
Plus qu'un mechant fils ne voudroit.

III.

ON CHLOE.

WHEN Chloe was true, how I gazed with delight
On her charms, which increased as I gazed;
But now that she's false, if my eyes judge aright,
Each beauty I saw is erazed.

IV.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

SAY, whence those tears, my youthful friend,
And why to woe so largely lend
The heaving sigh?
"My father has been six months ill,
"And 'tis not yet th' Almighty's will
"That he should die."

V.

A DAMON.

IL est vrai Damon, qu'elle est morte
Votre sœur que vous aimiez tant ;
Mais faut il pour cela vous fachez de la sorte ?
L'argent que vous en vient vous l'aimez bien autant.

VI.

A UNE DAME
QUI BAISOIT SES MOINEAUX.

DONNER a vos moineaux des baisers savoureux,
En leur pressant le bec de vos levres de roses ;
N'est ce pas vous tromper dans l'usage des choses,
Et leur donner un bien qui n'est pas fait pour eux ?

V.

TO DAMON.

WHY, Damon, seem so much to mourn
Your sister, she can never return;
And if she could, you'd cry out—"hold!
"Stay where you are, I want your gold."

VI.

TO A LADY
WHO KISSED HER SPARROWS.

WHY, Anna, why, let sparrows sip
The nectar from your rosy lip;
Ask but your heart, 'twill say, "for shame,
"Your kisses ne'er were made for them."

VII.

AUX

MOINEAUX

QUE CETTE DAME BAISOIT.

DANS les momens qu' Amarante vous baise,
Petits moineaux, vous ne mourez point d'aise,
J'en serois mort en goutant ces appas,
Que malheureux le ciel nous a fait naitre,
Vous jouissez d'un bien sans le connoitre,
Je le connois et je n'en joüis pas.

VII.

TO

THE SPARROWS WHICH THIS LADY KISSED.

YE Sparrows, who from Anna's lip,
Divinest nectar hourly sip,
Nor yet of pleasure die:
How adverse is the will of Fate,
You for her kisses to create,
To pine without them I!

To you unconscious of the bliss,
The soul inhales from Anna's kiss,
The boon divine is given;
Whilst I am doomed to know its charms,
And be denied its soft alarms,
Her kiss worth more than heaven.

VIII.

DE SILVIE.

JE veux mourir disoit Silvie,
Avec ma virginité
C'est grand dommage en vérité ;
Que cette charmante beauté,
Veuille sitot perdre la vie.

IX.

A UN AMI.

CHEZ toi j'ai les plaisirs les plus grand de la terre,
Soit qu'on lise tes vers soit qu'on vuide le verre.
Tout en est divin
Le stile et le vin.

VIII.

ON SILVIA.

"MARRY?" said Silvia, "no, not I,
"With my virginity I'll die.—"
Believe, sweet girl, 'tis very wrong,
To think of leaving us so young;

IX.

TO
A FRIEND.

WITH thee, my friend, how sweet the moments pass,
Whether we drink thy wine or read thy verse.
Thy stile and wine
Are both divine.

X.

DU

BARBIER LA FONTAINE.

VOUS me coupez Barbier tout beau,
Oui, le poil repond La Fontaine,
Mon poil est donc cette semaine,
Aussi sensible que ma peau.

XI.

LE

MEDISANT ADROIT.

DIALOGUE.

PHILIS à Coridon s'est elle enfin rendue ?
Consume-t'-il les nuits dans son doux entretien ?
A cela je ne reponds rien ;
La medisance est defendue.

X.

THE

BARBER.

"YOU'VE cut my face, you stupid ass,"
Your beard, I know, but not your face;
"Why then the beard upon my chin,
"Bleeds just as though you'd cut the skin."

XI.

THE

SLANDERER DIRECT.

A DIALOGUE.

HAS Phillis to Corydon rendered her charms?
And pass they the night in each other's arms.
In this case, my friend, what am I to do,
I will not say yes—I cannot say no.

XII.

LE

FRERE JOUEUR

ET LA

SOEUR AMOUREUSE.

MON cher frere disoit Silvie,
Si tu quittois le jeu, que je serois ravie !
Ne le pourras tu point abandonner un jour ?
Oui ma sœur j'en perdrai l'envie,
Quand tu ne feras plus l'amour—
Va mechant tu jouiras tout le tems de ta vie.

XIII.

SUR UN

LIVRE NOUVEAU DE RAPSODIES.

A Cent particuliers ce qu'Eraste osa prendre,
Au public il vient de le rendre.

XII.

THE

GAMESTER AND COQUETTE;

OR,

THE RULING PASSIONS.

" DEAR brother," says Silvia, " why will you play?
" Can't you leave gaming for one single day?"
" If you'll cease intriguing," the brother replied,
" Your urgent request shall not be denied."
" O! get along wretch, for I plainly perceive,
" That e'en on your death-bed you gaming won't leave.

XIII.

ON

A PLAGIARIST.

WHAT from a hundred authors DOGGREL took,
He for the public borrowed—see his book.

XIV.

LES VERS,

DOIVENT VENIR DU CAPRICE.

QUI de moi voudra de beaux vers,
Que jamais il ne les demande ;
Je ne fais rien que de travers,
Quand la besogne est de commande.

XV.

LE MOYEN DE SE CONTENTER.

RIEN ne te semble bon, rien ne te saurois plaire ;
Veux tu de ce chagrin te guerir desormais,
Fais des vers, tu pourras ainsi te satisfaire ;
Jamais homme n'en fit qu'il ait trouvés mauvais.

XIV.

POETRY,
THE EFFECT OF CAPRICE.

IF poetry you ask,
Then poetry's a task;
But if you wish for prose,
The thought in numbers flows.

XV.

A CURE FOR DISCONTENT.

THERE'S nothing goes right, for nothing can please you,
Yet of this evil I know how to ease you;
Write verses, my friend—it never was known
For poet's to think amiss of their own.

XVI.

L'AMOUR POUR CETTE VIE.

QUE l'erreur aux humains fait une etrange guerre
A peine en connois je un qui n'aimât beaucoup mieux,
Ici bas un quartier de terre,
Que tout le royaume des cieux.

XVII.

A LYCIDAS.

TU dis que ta femme Lisette,
A passé quarante deux ans,
Et qu'elle n'eut jamais d'enfans;
Lycidas, elle est bien secrete!

XVI.

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

WITH Reason poor mortals are ever at war,
Since I know not one who had not rather, far,
Possess a poor cottage, and family ties
On earth, than a kingdom to reign in the skies.

XVII.

TO LYCIDAS.

YOU say, and still will vouch for true,
Your wife is more than forty-two,
Nor e'er the pangs of child-bed knew—
How well she keeps the truth from you!!!

XVIII.

A CALISTE,

Sur ce qu'elle brûla des vers de l'auteur.

TROP injurieuse Caliste ;
De grace repondez un peu ;
Quand vous mîtes mes vers au feu,
Y mites vous mon amethiste ?

XIX.

PROTESTATION DE FIDELITE.

A CLEONICE.

QUE vos traitemens, Cleonice,
Me soient cruel, ou me soient doux,
Je veux que le ciel me punisse,
De toutes les rigueurs dont s'arme son courroux,
Si j'adore jamais d'autre beauté que vous.

XVII.

TO CALISTA,

On burning the Author's verses.

SAY, cruel and injurious fair,
When in the fire you put my verse;
Say, did you put my diamonds there?
Or did you burn my worthless purse!!

XVIII.

PROTESTATION OF FIDELITY.

BE cruel or kind, I protest and I vow,
I never can love any other than you.

XIX.

L'ENNUIEUSE ABSENCE.

EMMENER Amarante aux champs,
Et pour six jours entiers me ravir cette belle,
Au calcul de mon cœur qui soupire pour elle,
C'est me l'oter pour six mille ans.

XX.

A UN PREDICATEUR,

PEU EXEMPLAIRE.

POUR nous persuader sans discours superflus
Dites en moins, faites en plus.

XIX.

ABSENCE.

TAKE Anna from my arms away,
From my fond arms a single day;
That day will longer far appear
Than weeks or months, or e'en a year.

XX.

TO A CLERGYMAN, NOT VERY EXEMPLARY.

WASTE not more words; if you'd persuade,
Do more, say less, you'll be obeyed.

XXI.

CONTRE SIMON.

SIMON roule en carosse, ô l'etrange animal,
Plus que ses deux chevaux ce gros homme est cheval.
Et pourtant il n'est pas si rosse,
Si l'equité regnoit, les chevaux de Simon ;
Devroient être dans le carosse,
Et ce gros animal devroit être au timon.

XXII.

LE MALHEUREUX A PRETER.

EN fait de pret le sort me traite,
Avec grand inhumanité ;
Je perd l'affection de ceux à qui je prête,
Si je ne perds l'argent qui je leur ai preté.

XXI.

ON SIMON.

HAD Equity but ruled the ball,
O Simon! where had been thy pride;
Thou'dst drawn thy carriage to the hall,
Thy horses would have rode inside.

XXII.

THE MISFORTUNE OF LENDING.

IF e'er you should your money lend
You'll lose your money and your friend.

XXIII.

A UN HOMME

Qui se vantoit d'avoir beaucoup de memoire, et qui n'avoit point de jugement.

SANS aucune raison, sans aucun fondement,
Vous nous dites incessament,
Que vous avez bon mémoire.
Voulez-vous nous le faire croire
Dites nous bien precisement,
Ce que vous avez fait de votre jugement ?

XXIII.

TO A GENTLEMAN

Who boasted of an extensive memory.

WHY boast that your memory's superior to mine?
In Hoyle and the Chances, I grant it you shine;
But to prove that I am not inferior to you,
I have not forgot the five hundred you owe;
While you can't remember the promise you made,
That six months ago I should surely be paid.

XXIV.

UN HOMME

Sent une mauvaise odeur dans un Barreau.

DEVANT un Tribunal des plus grands du Palais,
Une mauvaise odeur à mon nez est venue :
Qu'est-ce donc qui sent si mauvais ?
La justice est bien corrompue.

XXIV.

IMITATION.

IN Westminster Hall,
It happened to fall,
As G[y] **** the Counsel arose,
A villainous stench,
Issued from the Bench,
And th' Orator took by the nose:
Then turning his head,
Pray, Brothers, he said,
From whence can this corruption be?—
" Why, 'tis from the Bench,
" That issues the stench,"
Dame Justice herself takes a fee!

XXV.

LE PORTRAIT D'IRIS.

CELUI qui peignit ton visage,
A si bien fait, que ton image ;
Lui ressemble admirablement,
Iris c'est ton desavantage,
Te voilà laide doublement.

XXVI.

A PHILIS,

EN LUI DONNANT UN BIJOU.

PHILIS, rien, pour rien,
Prenez de mon bien,
Donnez moi du vôtre,
Qui donne un bijou ;
A moins qu'il soit fou,
En demande un autre.

XXV.

TO IRIS,

ON HAVING HER PICTURE DRAWN.

WHY, Iris, have your picture drawn?
You now are *twice* as ugly grown!

XXVI.

TO CHLOE.

HERE Chloe, here, a trifle take,
And keep it, charmer, for my sake—
"But in return what can I give?"
One thing, dear Chloe, I'd receive,
'Twould cost you nothing but your pleasure,
And yield to me the sweetest treasure.

XXVII.

EN TENANT UN VERRE DE VIN EXQUIS.

NOBLE liqueur que je tiens,
Vin meilleur que l'hypocras ;
Je ne sai pas d'ou tu viens,
Mais je sai bien ou tu vas.

XXVIII.

A PHILIS.

VOTRE mere est en grand courroux,
Et dit par tout qu'avec vous ;
Je trame une intrigue amoureuse,
Philis prenez le bon parti ;
La chose seroit bien honteuse,
Que votre mere en eut menti.

XXVII.

ON HOLDING A GLASS OF EXQUISITE WINE.

FROM whence thou camest, most generous wine,
Upon my soul I can't divine;
But this at least, I'll swear I know,
It is, where thou, blest wine, shalt go.

XXVIII.

DEAR Phillis, your mother complains,
And says all the ill that she can;
Your virtue unspotted, she stains,
And swears you intrigue with poor Dan.

Now Phillis, methinks were it I,
I'd not bear unjustly the blame;
Nor thus let my poor mother lie,—
Oh, Phillis! indeed 'tis a shame!

MISCELLANEOUS.

D'UN FAMEUX GILLES.

NATURE ne lui fit la trogne,
Que d'un badin, ou d'un ivrogne;
Toutefois, je crois fermement,
Qu'il ne fit onc, si vivement;
Le Badin, qui rit ou se mord,
Comme il fait maintenant le mort!

ON A CELEBRATED PERFORMER OF THE CHARACTER OF GILES.

NATURE only made his phiz
For a fool or drunken quiz;
Yet never did he writhe his face
With so much humour and grimace
As when he died—'twas then the elf,
'Twas then the fool, excelled himself.

I.

A LA BL***.

LISE dit que je ne vois goutte,*
Et de mes mauvais yeux se moque à tout moment,
Lise vous avez tort: pensez vous qu'on en doute,
Depuis qu'on m'a vu votre amant?

II.

Sur la Traduction des Lamentations de Jérémie, par M. d'Arnaud de Baculard.

SAVEZ vous pourquoi Jérémie,
Se lamenta toute sa vie?
C'est sans doute qu'il prevoyoit,
Que Bacular la traduiroit.

* PIRON, the rival, friend, and terror of Voltaire, was subject to a disorder in the eyes, which terminated in total blindness some years before his death.—See his Life, by Mons. Rigoley de Juvigny.

I.

TO ANNA.

ANNA, you say I cannot see,
And that my eyes deceive me ever;
But how, my Anna, can that be,
When through those eyes I am your lover?

II.

To M. d'Arnaud de Baculard, on his Translation of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

THE reason why the Prophet wept,
Was, after he so long had slept,
To think the world at length would see
His thoughts translated, fool! by THEE.

III.

L'EVEQUE " IN PARTIBUS."

PRES de Therese, jeune fille,
Aleste, fringante, gentille ;
Un Prélat suppôt de Cypris,
Sentoit soulever sa mandille.
Dejâ de sa grandeur les doigts saints et benits
Visitoient de l'amour les plus secrets reduits.
Que faites vous ? lui dit Therese
Quel égarement ! quel abus !
" Moi !" dit l'Evêque, " *in partibus,*
" Je visite mon diocese !"

III.

THE BISHOP "IN PARTIBUS."

AN amorous Bishop, legends say,
Near Chloe, blooming, young, and gay,
Soon felt a something in him rise;
Its fire was caught from Chloe's eyes;
His holy hand o'er treasures roved,
Treasures, which a Saint had moved!
"What are you doing, Sir," she cried,
And gently pressed his hand and sighed;
The Prelate smiled, "*in partibus*
"I'm visiting my diocese!"

IV.

NATURE ET MALADIE.

DANS un bon corps, nature et maladie,
Etoient aux mains, une aveugle vient là ;
C'est medecine, une aveugle étourdie
Qui croit par force y mettre le hola
A droite, à gauche, ainsi donc la voilâ,
Sans savoir où, qui frappe à l'aventure ;
Sur celle-ci, comme sur celle-là,
Tant qu'un enfin céda—ce fut nature.

IV.

NATURE AND ART.

DISEASE attacked a youthful frame,
And fought with Nature for the prize;
The contest rose, a blind man came,
And with his crutch about him lies.
A Doctor of renown he was,
No advertising empiric he,
But famed for many a dangerous case,
Exacted oft a mighty fee.
He came, the combatants to part;
Struck here and there, unconscious how,
At length a blow struck Nature's heart;
She fell, not by disease, the doctor's blow.

LE POISSON VOLANT.

FABLE.

CERTAIN poisson volant, mécontent de son sort,
Disait à sa vieille grand-mère,
Je ne sais comment je dois faire,
Pour me preserver de la mort.
De nos Aigles marins je redoute la serre,
Quand je m'eleve dans les airs,
Et les requins me font la guerre,
Quand je me plonge au fond des mers.
La vieille lui repond. mon enfant, dans ce monde,
Lorsque on n'est pas Aigle ou requin,
Il faut tout doucement suivre un petit chemin,
En nageant près de l'air et volant pres de l'onde.

THE FLYING FISH.

A FABLE.

DEAR mother, said the Flying Fish,
There's much to alter, much to wish,
And much to dread, and much to hate,
In this our melancholy state.
The Eagle, when to soar I try,
Expels me from her native sky;
And when I'd Ocean's depths explore,
The Dog-fish seeks me to devour!

"Dear child," the mother sage replied,
"If you would ne'er that woes betide,
"Remember this, where'er you go,
"*Nor soar too high nor dive too low!*"

I.

COLAS est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que j'en plaigne le sort;
Que diable veux tu, que j'en dis?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.*

* Bouhours, in his "Method of Thinking Well," honors those lines by characterizing them as a *chef d'œuvre* for naïveté.

I.

A Mother afflicted with the death of her only Son, requested M. Gombaud to write his Epitaph, when he presented her with the following:

YOUNG Colas on his bed expired,
And I'm to mourn his fate desired;
But what the Devil can be said,
Than Colas lived, and now is dead.

I.

INSCRIBED ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE TREE OF LIBERTY, ERECTED IN THE MARKET PLACE OF UTRECHT (1802.)

DE vryheid komt van God,
De slavery van menschen.

II.

INSCRIPTION ON A STICK OF SEALING WAX.

FYN segellak, wel brand
En vast houd———."

I.

FROM Heaven sweet liberty flows,
From man are all Slavery's woes.

II.

IF well your sealing wax you burn,
You need not fear, 'twill serve your turn.

LE JUGEMENT

De la Postérité ne lui importe.

JE ne suis pas inquiété
De ce que la Postérité
Jugera des fruits de ma veine.
Quelle en dise mal ou bien,
Pourquoi m'en mettrois je en peine?
Je n'en saurai jamais rien.

THE POET

Is indifferent as to the judgment of Posterity.

POSTERITY, why should we fear,
Or dread her decrees on our verse?
Her censures we never shall hear,
Nor for them can ever be worse.

Finis.

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175

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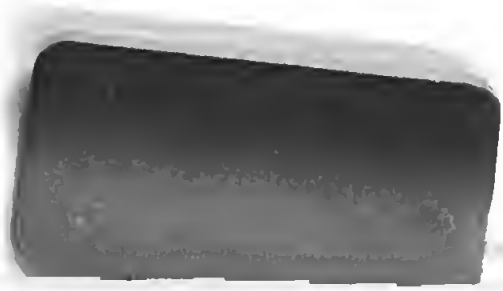
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